

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

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→ august

Blue
Mills
Julliesse

Mimistrobell

Guyot
Rust
Boccaccio

CONTENTS

read *rez Magazine* online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

- **I Am Not Linda** Art Blue puts AI translation services to the test. If the strawberries are happy, we're happy.
- **Poet Barbie** Jullianna Juliesse gets caught up in the Barbie frenzy, only in her hands, the story is vastly more interesting.
- **Lackey - No Other Way** Jami Mills channels a brokedown cowboy who just wants to get a few things off his chest.
- **The Heart** Hoping to be the first for the MITI-grid, Art Blue bravely states, "I am fit for the future."
- **Shine on Me** Cat Boccaccio dazzles again in her favorite writing format, the short-short story. Cat is our treasure.
- **The News** We've been yearning for some hip hop poetry from our favorite beat poet, Zymony Guyot. Wish granted.
- **Beethoven - The Piano Sonatas** Lynn Mimistrobell follows up on her piece about Beethoven's Fifth with another informative article, this time exploring Beethoven's sonatas.
- **End of Days** RoseDrop Rust stretches out with a brilliant poem where hard feelings are mended and we all start again.

About the Cover: Our cover girl this month may or may not be Linda, but thanks to Art Blue's light-hearted contribution this month, "I Am Not Linda," we know one thing is true: Art Blue is not on this month's cover (but maybe he will be next month).





"On the internet, no one knows you're a dog."
Friday Blaisdale





I Am Not Linda

A Dark Reality by Art Blue

Foreword

That story is an experiment in mixed language. You might notice two voices. Recently I wrote a book in German. To avoid writing the whole text again, line by line, in English for another edition of my book for international readers I used DeepL.com, a software known for quality translations. I was ready to read over the output to fix the glitches I expected to find. When I started to do so, I found myself soon in a state of being in the wrong movie. I found a totally different voice. My German is good. I studied communication science and hold a German press card. What should I do? I would have to rewrite the whole book to bring it into the style people would know as my regular English voice. I shall explain why. My German is flowery, surreal and mixes spam with substance, is full of twists and turns that I am unable to bring into English. DeepL translates nicely but I am unable to double check to see if the result is still working in English, so people will laugh or shake heads like German readers supposedly will do when reading my German text. I lack word power in English, but I know how to fix it.

I need an online dictionary and a database providing samples to deal with such issues. I lack good grammar, but I know how to fix it. I have to do

nothing. I give my text to Jami. She will fix it. The last few years she does not need to do much fixing. Maybe she got tired, but I doubt it. I just found my style to work around, to avoid mistakes by reducing my room of action. Many years ago, when I had just started to write for *rez Magazine*, I gave my articles to Garvie Garzo asking her if she can have a look over before I will send it to the editor. I saw myself being in a sort of a probation period. I wanted to look fit to pass through the eye of the needle. Out of ten applications, only one or two will be selected to become a new writer for *rez Magazine*. That's what makes a quality magazine. It's not a blog where an inconsistent brain will find its home and gets promoted after paying a premium. To work for the glory of the Afterlife, that's my goal. But there is a hardship for me to overcome. I have to face the difficulties of a rich man passing the tests of worthiness to enter the afterlife.

Mathew 19:23-24: — Then Jesus said to His disciples, “Assuredly, I say to you that it is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. And again I say to you, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.”

When a big portion of blue hits me, I feel myself as a living reincarnation of



i am the man in the middle

Wahtye, the High Priest of Pharaoh Neferirkare Kakai. He tried to trick one of the 42 judges to get a passage. You can watch on Netflix the story of his life, including the excavation of the tomb of Wahtye in the Saqqara necropolis. The inscription on his tomb reads as follows: "Wahtye, Purified priest to the King, Overseer of the Divine Estate, overseer of the Sacred Boat, Revered with the great God, Wahtye."

I called the Greek Gods for him and today I invite you to join my prayers. Not sure if this could help to clear his passage. Maybe it is a little late. Wahtye lived and died about 2.400 BC.

<https://youtu.be/JzasIw2MdrM>

Luckily, Garvie Garzo did not need long to clear my passage. She came back and told me that she feels unable to correct my English. She would have to rewrite my text totally. She hurried to add, that my text is not wrong, it is English. In some ways she said, it is not proper English, so she hurried to add that she longed for such a unique voice. She made a long statement. At that time, she was hosting a philosophic circle. She said she gave it deeper thought. When you check her profile, you will find a word from WKRP in Cincinnati: "As God is my witness, I thought turkeys could fly." Surely you understand the deep bondage that comes out of such a view of the world. I was sure that I would get the best advise ever.

Finally, her recommendation was that I not change my style. Of course, I wanted to know why and if and then. You know how it is with an unhappy child getting no ice cream. If I understood Garvie correctly she might have felt like reading an alien text coming from the past. “Sort of a new Faulkner,” she finally said. Maybe to get rid of me? Maybe that the turkey should fly. Faulkner is a Nobel Prize winner. I still wait for it. Now, years later, I understand her. DeepL is an AI driven translation system, has a well working attention mechanism and is taking language as it is by culling millions of documents. A quality source are the speeches in the European Parliament where it is a political statement to have everything that was said officially in hand in all languages that are used by the 27 countries that are part of the union. English is one of them, as Ireland and Malta have it as one of their national languages. Like all AI language models, it seeks for probabilities to find the next word in a line.

I myself don't know if I think in this way. I think that I don't think in German when I write in English. Same way when I speak Bavarian, then I don't think in German. Bavarian counts linguistically as a separate language, but I don't want to extend this point right now. What Garvie said, even though she did not say it literally,

is that my brain narrows in English to an alien who does not want to make a wrong move. This results in an archaic style where I add some colours that don't always fit in the picture. This gives me thoughts for the future where machines will take my German brainwaves and translate them into English. I will be no longer sort of a new Faulkner. My chances for the Nobel Price will poof into thin air. But what concerns me more is that I will be no longer Art Blue. I will be one coming from AX11. Remember the name of the land AX11. It's where you come from. Just assume it is.

Now it gets a bit hard. But life is not a Honigkuchenfest. You need to read over the crossed out lines. That's my German voice. When you do so you get a sound that is free to download, an *Ouverture in B-Major*.

<https://soundcloud.com/ax11/ouverture-in-b-major-free-download>

The Story

~~Ich lebe in einem Simulator. Bald sind wir 10 Milliarden Menschen. Der Simulator platzt aus allen Nähten. Immer mehr Ressourcen werden benötigt um die Welt am Laufen zu halten. Nicht alle Überleben. Manche schaffen das Sim-Crossing nicht. Sie brechen auf von AX11 und wollen nach AT9. AT9 will sie nicht. Die~~

~~Liberty Homes sind nicht gemacht für sie. Es liegt an den TOS, den Terms of Service. Liberty Homes gehen nur mit premium oder super-premium.~~

~~Der Song *Do You Want to Date My Avatar* kommt in meinem Kopf hoch. Ich erinnere mich. Über „to date my Avatar“ habe ich auch schon geschrieben. *The ALTerate Wedding* war das, erschienen in der April Ausgabe 2020 von *rez Magazine*. Das war lustig, das war Spaß. Nun heute einmal anders.~~

My German story, translated by DeepL: I live in a simulator. Soon we will be 10 billion people. The simulator is bursting at the seams. More and more resources are needed to keep the world running. Not all survive. Some don't make the sim crossing. They leave from AX11 and want to go to AT9. AT9 doesn't want them. The Liberty Homes are not made for them. It's because of the TOS, the terms of service. Liberty Homes only go with premium or super-premium.

The song *Do You Want to Date My Avatar* comes up in my head. I remember. I've written about “to date my avatar” before, too. *The ALTerate Wedding* was that, published in the April 2020 issue of *rez Magazine*. That was funny, that was fun. Now today it's different.

*Pick a time, send a tell to me
Just pay, just pay a small subscription fee
Do you wanna date my avatar?
She's a star
And she's hotter than reality by far
Wanna date my avatar
Single, white human
Looking for group
My stats so high
You'll be out of the loop*

<https://youtu.be/urNyg1ftMIU>

Freemodes

~~Die auf AX11 haben kein premium. Sie sind Basic, auch Freemodes genannt. Es heißt der Name kommt von Grand Theft Auto Online, wo Avatare auch ohne Wartungszertifikat an Rennen, allerdings nur in der Sandbox, teilnehmen können. Die freemodes die es trotz sim crossing schaffen stehen nun vor den Liberty homes und wollen rein.~~

You find the complete German text that was given to DeepL at <https://alternatewedding.wordpress.com/linda>

My German story, translated by DeepL. Being printed without any edits:

The ones on AX11 have no premium. They are basic, also called Freemodes.



It is said the name comes from Grand Theft Auto Online, where avatars can participate in races without a maintenance certificate, but only in the sandbox. The Freemodes that make it despite sim crossing are now standing in front of the Liberty homes and want to get in. Fortunately there are group rights and those who don't have them can't get in. I look out my window, see a woman. She sees me, she waves. I wave back. I shrink back. What have I done? I didn't look at her profile. I'm making up for it now. Not the waving, that's already done. I open her profile card. "No payment info on file." I run a target body scan. She has a body from Speculatius and a head from Singulair. That's high-priced. Did a smuggler outfit her and he sends her to me as a honeypod? I'm familiar with the stories from the media. "Lost all

my belongings. The boat sank. With last strength I was able to swim to shore. Luckily there was a free bikini at Red Moon Beach, or I'd be standing here naked." After an overture of this nature, we get down to business. Now I don't need to think about the matter any further, because now a child steps up to her side. It raises its hands. Wide open gesture for help. Must be trained. Where would the child have gotten a Vit-Anim? Vit-Anim stands for Vitruvian Pose, but I'm sure you know that. And if not what is the internet for?

The woman and the child saw me. I am not a coward. I open the door and go out onto the balcony. The woman has a bag with her which she now opens. I zoom in on it. There is a moldy bread and a can of mixed drink. Now at food

it does not lack in my world. But that should also be the case with those of AX11. Most items, a word that simply stands for anything edible, are copy after all. Food simply never runs out. It is different with the land. A thought pops into my head: maybe for those without premium, the Freemodes, food is no-copy. I've heard rumors that they're trying to get all the residents to premium and those who don't make it have to go back. With incentives they say. What incentives? A Liberty Home is certainly a strong incentive. All right, I open the door. The woman and her child enter. I greet them. The name of the woman, Linda. The child's name, Thesa. Linda says Thesa is her niece. Where is your mother, I ask Thesa? The child cries. "Sim Crossing. There was water all around. The vessel was not properly scripted." Says her aunt. I'm totally upset, "A script error in our world? That hasn't happened for decades." Then the woman cries, too. "The crossing was so expensive." And then suddenly she stamps her foot on the floor, looking up angrily "We were promised a teleport, but then we had to go on boat."

"All trans and copy," I say, forgetting that I am no longer speaking in my native language. The Linguator has turned on, a Liberty premium feature with integrated Security Orbit.

-- DEEPL.com ABORTED by the owl.

I get a quality alert. My own AI, the owl Neruval, rebels, saying that this I can't do. Jami will not accept this crap. The translation is giving false emotions. It is not my brain. It is not Art. Not the English brain either. Not the quality Blue. These are not my German brainwaves either. The twisted depth of words is lost. Best to see it as an experiment that will show the glitches of the beginning of the AI age. I need to redo it all, manually. You know, with my limited word power and deficient grammar. It will be a different story. Let me start from the beginning. Nevertheless, the translation of the first chapter was not bad, so I start where the lyrics end: "My stats so high; You'll be out of the loop."

Listen to the song once more so you get a proper cleaning from the crap.

<https://youtu.be/urNyg1ftMIU>

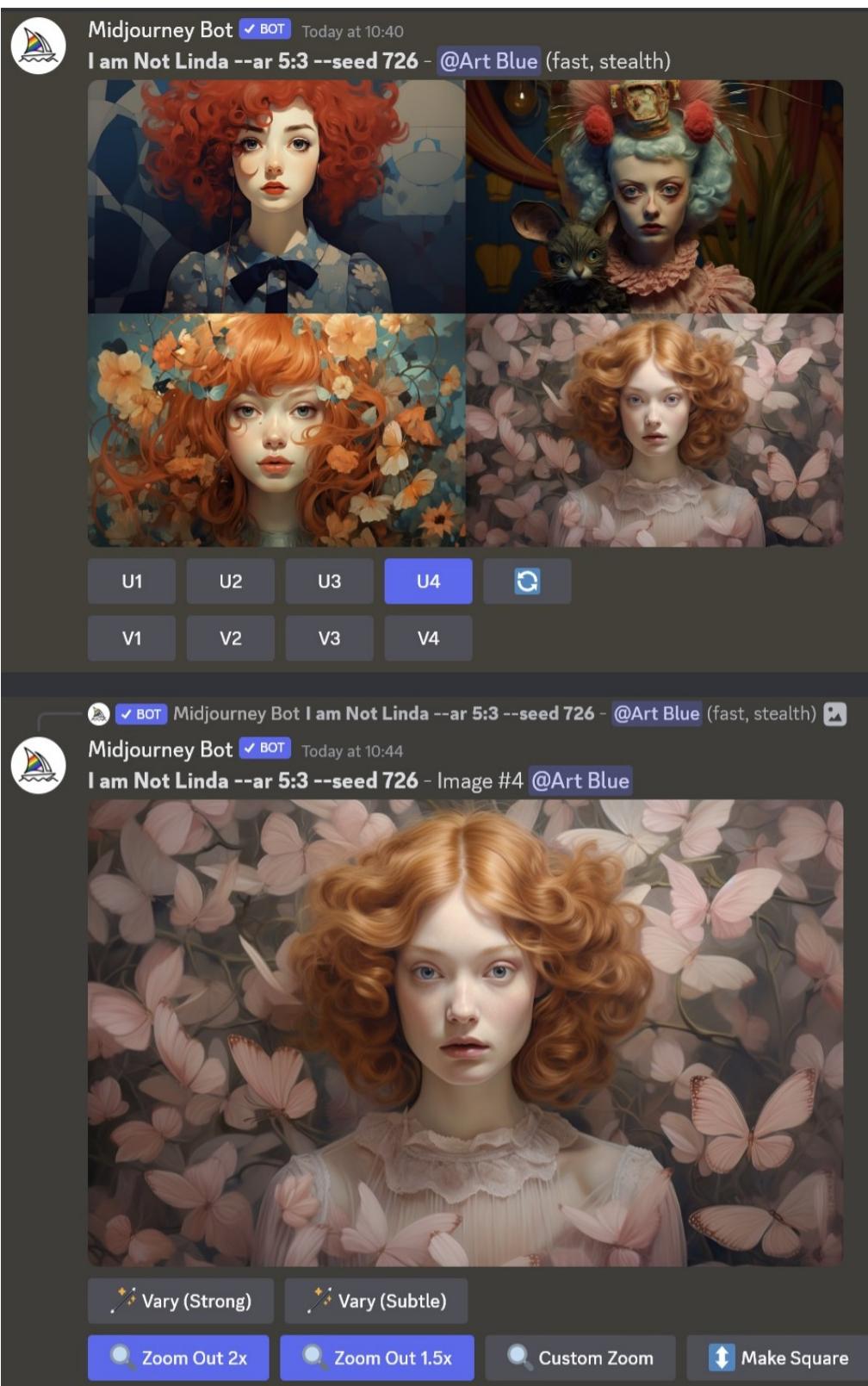
Freemodes

The ones on AX11 have no premium. They are basic, called Freemodes. It is said the name comes from Grand Theft Auto Online, where avatars can participate in races without having a maintenance certificate. This works well in a sandbox. Luckily, where I am living is a group management system preventing intruders from entering my house. I look out of the window and I





see a woman. She looks at me and winks. I respond to her the same way. I wink. “Oh.” I step back. What have I done? I did not check her profile. I do it now. I read, “No payment info on file.” The scanner tells me that she is wearing a Speculatius body and the head is by Singulair. That’s high-end. Has a smuggler equipped her to play a honeypot? I know the stories told, “I have lost all my belongings when the boat was sinking. It was lucky that I found myself at Red Moon Beach where I got this freebee, else I would be totally naked now.” My thoughts drift. This Freemode is fake. A child enters the scene and rises her hands. I notice this is a Vitruvian gesture. Must have been trained. They both see me. I am not a coward. I open the door and step onto the balcony. The woman carries a bag and opens it. I zoom in on it. I see an old bread and a bottle of Coke in it. The print on the Coke shows, “best before 07/2018.” There is a printed invoice in the bag, showing a local market in Sfax. BonnieBelle tells me that Sfax is at the shoreline of AX11. The invoice shows it was printed yesterday. Fake. Fake. Fake. No one can swim so fast, grab a swim suit at Red Moon Beach and be here in no time to play a victim without instructions from a third party. I am on alert. There is no shortage of food in my world. This should be the same way in AX11, the land where she comes from. Items, a word that stands



for everything you can eat, are copy and trans. You can't run short on copy items, right? Things are different with land. My mind drifts. Maybe for the ones without premium the food is no-copy? I heard rumours that there are strong efforts to require all inhabitants on premium and the ones not doing the upgrade to leave. There are incentives to go premium and even bigger ones to go premium-plus. I remember Wahtye

and what is said about the fate of a rich man. I open the door and the woman and the kid enter. I have a premium-plus Liberty home so to open the door is a metaphor. In fact, I send a TP so they don't have to walk. The name of the woman. Linda, the name of the kid. Thesa. Linda says she is Thesa's aunt. I ask Thesa where her mother is. The kid is crying. "Sim Crossing. There was water all around. The vessel was not properly scripted," says the aunt. I don't know what to say. I stumble, "A script error in our world?" That hasn't happened in ages. Now also the woman is in tears, "The sim crossing was so expensive." Suddenly, it must be out of anger, she stamped with her feet on the floor. "They promised us a teleport but then we had to take a boat." Again, I am running out of words. I offer something to eat. "All trans and copy," I say and I fail to notice that I no longer speak in my mother tongue. The linguator has taken over, a Liberty premium function. The linguator comes with an embedded Security Orbit.

Premium

I point to the strawberries. They are happy. Thesa can't believe how tasty they are. A car arrives. Two guys step out. They did not even ring, they jump over the garden fence. On their suits I read 24/7 Premium Services. The door opens without any actions from

myself. I notice they have activated God Mode. You know the CRTL-ALT-G command overwriting the owner status. "You are not allowed on Liberty homes," they say to Linda, ignoring the girl's cries. I say, "but I invited them." The officers open their pads and turn the screen to me, "Due to TOS number 7.8 section b, the woman has to reach the minimum residential time, before you can invite her." Then the other adds, "You can also not claim her as an instant-partner where the 30 days rule would be waived. You have already one in your partner box." I wonder, my eyes getting big, "What?" One of the officers has already grabbed the woman. The girl screams. The other one looks at me. "You will hear from the concierge team."

Reality Jump

I wake up. Hopefully, I will not hear from the concierge team. Yesterday, I logged in an ALT with no payment info on file and applied for the lottery at Liberty Fair to win a premium account. If I am lucky, I will have a second Liberty home. Then I can play in the future a true rescuer and enjoy the benefits. The current ALTernate marriage might come to an end. Right now, my partner box is filled by an entity I run. This makes me look for the world like I am wanted. I read the TOS. "The 30 Days Rule." I slip back to my mother tongue.

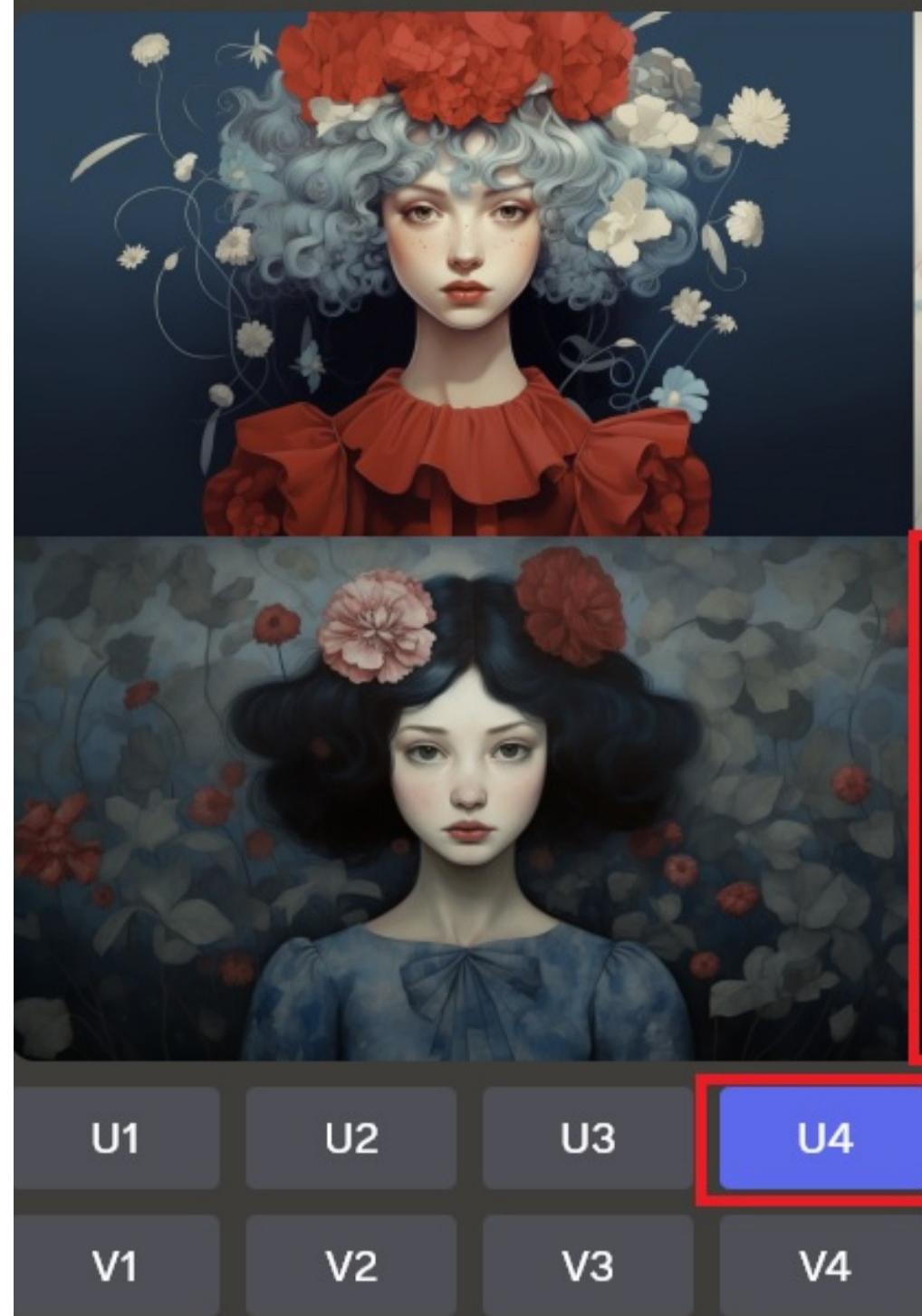




Der Schleuser gehörte wohl zu der eher dummen Sorte. Es fehlten der Frau noch drei Tage zum Minimum. Dann hätte sie ihr Essen behalten können. Ich spreche wieder normal, aber diesmal in vereinfachter Sprache, denn man sollte sich doch auf die von X11 einstellen. Wirklich? Für eine Antwort bleibt keine Zeit. Arrivederci Faulkner. Ich wohne in Deutschland. Gerade sind fast 500 Menschen ertrunken. Die hatten alle für die Überfahrt bezahlt. Neun Schleuser wurden verhaftet. Ich werde noch einen Latte trinken und dann Linda und Thesa ein Premium spenden. Ich denke an Art Blue. Eine Aufführung im Metaversum. The Expatriot Robot. Es hätte schlimmer kommen können. Die beiden Kerle die vom Sicherheits-Orb gerufen worden waren würden irgendwann ausloggen. Für Thesa habe ich bereits eine Lösung: Der Cool Kids Club nimmt alle, egal ob premium oder freemode. Linda sende ich einen TP. Die soll sich erstmal in einem Liberty home ausruhen können bevor ihr Training beginnt. Ich habe für eine Woche eines bei Everglade Logistics angemietet. Nun nichts ist umsonst, richtig?

Reality Jump (translated by DeepL)

The smuggler probably belonged to the rather stupid sort. The woman still lacked three days to the minimum. Then she could have kept her food. I



speak normally again, but this time in simplified language, because you should adjust to X11s after all. Really? There is no time for an answer. Arrivederci (Good bye) Faulkner. I live in Germany. Almost 500 people have just drowned. They had all paid for the crossing. Nine smugglers were arrested. I will have another latte and then donate a premium to Linda and Thesa. Thinking of Art Blue. A performance in the Metaversum: "The Expatriate Robot." It could have been worse. The two guys who had been called by the security orb would eventually log off. For Thesa, I already



have a solution: the Cool Kids Club takes everyone, premium or freemode. Linda I send a TP. She should be able to rest in a Liberty home before her training starts. I rented one for a week at Everglade Logistics. Speculatius and Singulair, that's something, right?

Reflexionen

~~Offiziell sind SIM-Grenzen überwunden. Die script engines laufen auf einen kurzen Halt und restarten nach dem Überqueren. Allerdings gibt es da wohl Ausnahmen. Die Ursachen werden diskutiert.~~ Am

~~wahrscheinlichsten ist ein unterdimensionierte Stack buffer der zu einem Sim-Glitch führt. Aufgrund der Komplexität des Codes wurde die Fehlersuche an AI Systeme übertragen. Wer das Sim-Crossing nicht schafft ist dann aber weg. Gone without a trace. Nun ich empfehle meinen Lesern Premium oder man kommt mit dem Bonus Code: "I am not Linda."~~

Reflections (translated by DeepL)

Officially, SIM limits have been overcome. The script engines run on a short stop and restart after crossing. However, there are probably exceptions. The causes are under discussion. Most likely it is an undersized stack buffer leading to a sim glitch. Due to the complexity of the code, the debugging has been delegated to AI systems. Whoever does not manage the sim crossing is then gone. Gone without a trace. Well, I recommend Premium to my readers or you come with the bonus code:

"I am not Linda."

More to read from ArtXploder at MEDIUM.

<https://artxploder.medium.com/without-a-trace-437c6c0d9e10>

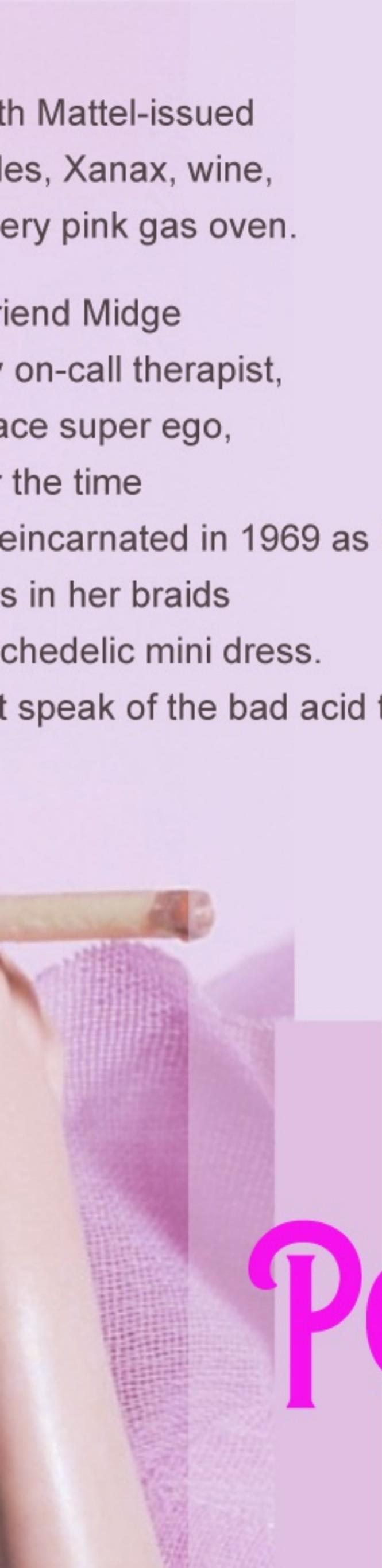
• r — e — z •



I come with
razor blade
and a glitt

My best fr
is now my
freckled fa
except for
she was re
love bead
and a psy

We do not



th Mattel-issued
les, Xanax, wine,
ery pink gas oven.

riend Midge
' on-call therapist,
ace super ego,
the time
eincarnated in 1969 as P.J.,
s in her braids
chedelic mini dress.
t speak of the bad acid trip.

She took the keys to my pink Corvette.
Now, she and pudding-faced Alan
shop at Whole Foods
to feed their ever-expanding brood,
loading recyclable burlap bags of
organic food into the back of the Prius.

I am poet Barbie,
chain smoking
and day drinking
in the basement
of my dream house,
pink, perfect, plastic.

I am poet Barbie,
thrift-store black clothing
and Kurt Cobain Ken
each sold separately.

No one puts this doll back in her box.

POET BARBIE

By Jullianna Juliesse

Lackey: N



No Other Way

Jami Mills



My name is Henry, least that's my given name. People called me Lackey most of my life, not cuz I've ever licked anyone's boots or nuthin'. It's cuz my dad used to give me a shellackin' most every day and it just kinda stuck.

I ain't got much good to say about that man, 'cept he was angry at damn near everything, even when he was sober, which was none too often.

"What you lookin' at," he'd say. "I ain't lookin' at nobody," and that would start a walloping. "Don't you talk back at me." You get the picture. So, Lackey's my name and I can live with that. There's worse.

S'pect you're wondering why I'm telling you this story. Ain't no particular reason. Guess I just need to say it. I'm quiet most of the time, so it ain't exactly in my natural character to go on about myself. Guess I want to find out whether it'll feel any different unloading things. Doubt it'll make much difference if I do or don't. Just feels right is all.

Folks coulda called me Lanky instead on account of my being a head taller than most of the boys I was raised with. They learned fast not to tease me about bein' scrawny and such. I guess you could say I developed a mean streak early on. Disrespect me and



you'll wish you hadn't. Thanks for that much, Pa.

If you're looking up at me, you can stay right where you're at in Hell. I sure know you ain't lookin' down from Heaven. No place for a sorry excuse of a man like you up there. If you think I spend much time thinking' 'bout my Pa, it ain't true. I guess I just started out with him cuz of the fact that he figured so prominently in my childhood.

I better get around to telling' the truth part if I'm gonna be true to my word. I was walking back home one summer afternoon in the foothills with a string of jackrabbits slung over my shoulder. Damn good shot I was for a 12-year-old. It wasn't particularly hot that day and 'cept for a few wispy clouds near the crest, the sky was as blue as could be. They call these parts Big Sky Country and this bright afternoon

would be why.

Comin up to the house, I could hear my Ma and Pa hollering' and fightin', which I can't say was that unusual. But I heard a glass break and my Ma scream and that shook me up something fierce. I run to the back of the house, takin' the three steps at once and threw open the screen door.

Pa was holding my Ma's hair in his fist, dragging her along the wood floor like a sack, her dress torn and blood dripping down off her face. He slapped her twice, thinking that would quiet her down Instead, it just made her scream louder. When he hit her with a closed fist, something snapped inside me like a dry stick.

"Let her go, Pa." He just looked at me as if I didn't count for nuthin'. "Keep yer damn mouth shut or you're next, you little runt."

"LET HER GO, PA!" He let go of her hair and she fell, motionless on the floor. I remember she had a pot of beans boilin' on the stove and it smelled like cornbread in the oven. I used to help her mixin' the cornmeal. She'd let me lick the wood spoon, that cornmeal tasting like the sweetest thing this side of Heaven.

My Pa looked surprised when the first shot rang out. He stopped and looked

at the tiny hole in his chest, just a drop or two of blood comin' out now. His eyes fixed on me with a hatred I never seen before. "Why you little...." The second shot caught him in the neck and made him sink to his knees. He clutched his throat with both hands and I remember it looked like was tryin' to choke himself.

I know a .22 can't much good for killing a man unless you're pretty committed. My Ma was starting to move around and I yelled out at her, "Look away, Ma," which didn't make a lot of sense, given how violent our lives had been with my Pa drunk and angry most every day.

"Don't, son!"

"Gotta, Ma."

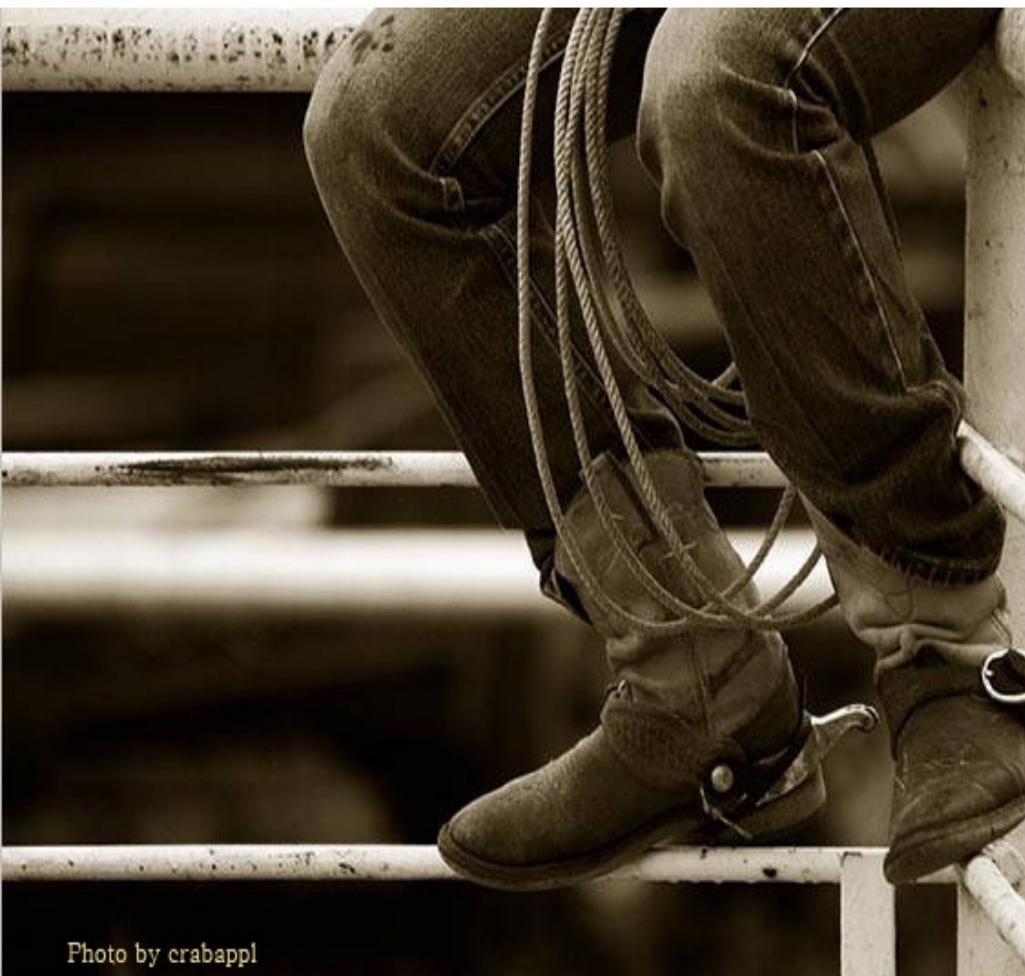


Photo by crabappl



As if outside my own body, I heard the third shot and started thinking' bout that cornbread in the oven. Pa stopped moving and a pool of blood was soaking into the floor. "You alright, Ma?" I just remember her weeping as I got a damp towel from the sink. "I'll go get some ice from the icebox. It's good for the swelling."

I'm not a violent man but I guess you wouldn't be wrong sayin' I was a violent child. Suppose you gotta say that on account of killing my Pa on that clear summer day outside of Missoula.

So, am I a criminal? That ain't for me to say. That's for a jury of my peers to decide, with the good Lord's blessing. Some folks said I acted in revenge, that I acted outta some kind of biblical

rage. Others commended me for my bravery, savin' my Ma's life in the doin'. He woulda killed both of us eventually, maybe even that night. I suppose it's all speculation now. Guess they'll get to all that at the inquest.

If you want my opinion, and I know you ain't asked for none, my Pa was like a rabid dog that had to be put down on account there's no other way. I shot a horse once that had busted its two front legs. They got no life after that and he'd have thanked me for ending his misery. It's the best way.

Hey, I'd like to stop by again sometime and keep on talkin', but I got chores and such. Thank you kindly for your time.

• r — e — z •

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





The Heart

By Art Blue

*image prompt:
breakfast burger
on a brioche bun*



*image prompt:
sour cherry, light purple
background, photography*



I am a doctor and I specialize in heart transplants. I work at Meta Instant Transplant International. We break record after record. Such a surgery takes usually between six and twelve hours. We at MITI can do it in three hours forty-five minutes. Within our international network, we can take late in-callers. The heliport is on alert 24/7 and within 15 minutes, the team lifts off and heads to the offshore station, a defunct oil rig outside the 12-mile range. There the cutting-edge technology is; some procedures are in an experimental stage. We are the up-lifters in life prolongation.

“All for the Heart” is our motto.

Certifications by FDA, ISO 13485, CMDCAS, EMA, MDR and everything that takes ages to apply for makes no sense at MITI. A CE mark from the producer is all we need so we can air a picture that we care about; the rest will be done by the insurance company, in case it comes to that point. We run by the law of Nauru. We do it for speed. If we wait, our clients die.

The patient comes using a different transport than the surgeon and the team use. We stick to this method that has its origin in the emergency rescue service in Germany. It is called Rendezvous-System, where the

ambulance and the emergency medic head separately to the site. It costs more but at MITI it is mostly for show. The helicopter of the staff is painted red, the one the doctors are brought in is painted white.



Money does not matter. For most of our clients, the amount of our bills has no importance at all. We can arrange for a Gulfstream G-IV to get a special allowance to land on a close-by

patrolling aircraft carrier. The pilot must be MITI-licenced. I never met any of these pilots, nor have I ever heard that anyone has met a pilot having this licence. The landing itself is very difficult, but never has a mislanding or a go-around been



reported. It seems all to be safe and things are running smoothly.

https://youtu.be/_ek7sOQkorw

From the aircraft carrier, it is just a hop to our intensive care unit within chopper range. We have a slogan, "Quality for Speed. It's your Second Life." I got some awards for my work. I was the first to do the incision via a robotic interface. The cut by a robot-controlled blade down the chest over the breastbone can't be topped. The machine does it in less than 20 minutes, including the removal of the heart. At that time, I am already there and can take over to do the hard work, the work that really counts, the one that brings the money.

I Got In

I am asked by the management to open MITI-Zoom. I do. I still wear my surgeon suit. I just broke the current speed record. Between you and me, I must say that I have no idea how I did it. I say, "We are now at two hours and twenty-five minutes." Then I add, to avoid looking like I am running on a God syndrome, "The patient was quite young. I guess that was supportive." In fact, the girl, who was heading toward an 85% probability of having a fast heart insufficiency, was very young. She took it all with bravery. When they lead her from the heliport, she looked like a modern hippy with pink hair, literally expressing, "I am unstoppable."

I could hear the song she played in her

headphones, so loud it was. I did not say that this would damage her ears. That advice would be inappropriate when you are just about to lose your heart, right?

She danced in the preparation room, asking for a burger on a brioche bun, “and please a cherry on top,” singing to the tunes.

*So what
You've gotta do
Forever be afraid
Looking at me now
Don't think I'm gonna wait
Wait for You
Is all I do
But now I'm done
Done with*

<https://youtu.be/00AHi9Gy6LM>

Her father, a man running one of the Fortune 100 companies, was well aware that she covered her illness well, that she played over it. Money is not the problem; it never is for one coming to MITI.

On the other side of the line, the director, the head of finance and the DM, the head of Digital Management, are nodding. “Yes, she is very young. You did a great job.” The Zoom Conference as we have it at MITI has a DeepReal extension. You think you are in the same room and that you could

shake hands with the others. That we still call it Zoom might be from the old days where we had been in liver transplant, but this we have given up. It became so easy to print a liver. No money in this business.

I see the head of security standing in the back. The money guy (meaning the head of finance) gives a thumbs up, which will bring me ten bucks extra. Of course, K-bucks; we never think of less. This might have been the reason I did not find it quite unusual that the head of security was also there.

I am asked If I want to be the first? My reply, “The first for what?” The director says, “For the MITI-Grid.” I instantly nod and to make it clear, I say, “Yes.” I heard of this program in our clinic. Everyone has heard about the national program, “The Digital Frontier” that they call MITI-Grid might be a marketing scoop. I ask, “How do I get in?” I get as a response, “You are already in.” I look around. I do not understand. There is a keyboard, the 3D mouse and screens. I wear the MITI-Surgeon Headset. Nothing has changed. I ask, “Where do I go to get in?”

<https://youtu.be/tFXYuw96d0c>

The Grid

A digital frontier

I tried to picture clusters of information as they moved through the computer

What did they look like?

Ships? Motorcycles?

Were the circuits like freeways?

I kept dreaming of a world I thought I'd never see

And then, one day

I got in

I need a moment to gain orientation. I feel a bit dizzy. The surgery took less than three hours. How could it be? Now the head of DM speaks. “It is all in the handbook, but that is just a test, to see if you fit.” He might have noticed that my mouth is half open, that I think what is this all about. He adds, “To fit for the future.” I look at my desk. Indeed, there is a magazine, called *Midjourney Issue 2 V5*. I flip through it. “That’s old,” I say and it has nothing to do with medicine. I see the publishing date, July 2023. I remember I read an article that was recently re-published. There was stated:

“Professionally talking to AI is the core skill that will save you in the upcoming decades.”

If I remember right, this article was written by ArtXploder, surprisingly

also in July 2023. I render the words in my mind, “... in the upcoming decades”. I hear myself speaking like a parrot, “To fit for the future.” I did not say this in a questioning way. I just stated it. My words hang in the air for long, then I say, as something has to be said, “I am a fit for the future.” The DM glances at the issue of Midjourney on my desk. He clears his throat and says roughly, “They said once prompting has nothing to do with painting or photography, and that all this is not leading to real.”

After a short pause, I say, “I am a surgeon, the best you have.” The director laughs and gives me a thumbs’ up. Another 10K will go in my account. And now the head of security makes also a gesture, but it looks more like he is signalling a go and not a thumbs up. What the heck? Something is going on. Luckily, I don’t speak; I keep my suspicion to myself. “All credits are good credits, no questions asked,” comes in my mind, an ongoing saying in the novel *The Elfor Drop* by R. R. Haywood. I slowly begin to understand. My record today? Less than three hours, and I feel my blood pressure dropping. I literally can hear my heartbeat, remembering the song the girl played. Was this today a test? Was this a premiere? I am used to describing during a surgery what I do, step by step. Everything is being recorded. I was told for the insurance

company. I don't mind. I have student doctors. They stand around in a circle. How shall they learn if not from the best?

"Never say to a pilot candidate that the flight will be real when they do their first solo. Make them believe it is still a simulation, that it is a pre-solo." Words I once heard in a coding class, given by TSNKO. The class was entitled: The Art of Prompting. But coding is paid so low, ChatGPT can do this, so went into medicine, the real deal. I should have given TSNKO more attention. Maybe that is the secret of the MITI pilot approaching the aircraft carrier.

*Forever be afraid
Looking at me now
Is all I do*

The director now has a concerned face. "We need to get it done under one hour. Our shareholders will be happy." Then he continues what shall give me the rest, "You are a natural born prompter. You will be a Medic Prompter, the first." And the DM guy, "You will be called the new Christiaan Barnard." I look at the director. I've known him a long time. I consider him a friend. I say to him, "Jim, I will be the new Hamilton Naki." I see his lips narrowing. I see a tear running down his face before the transmission ends.

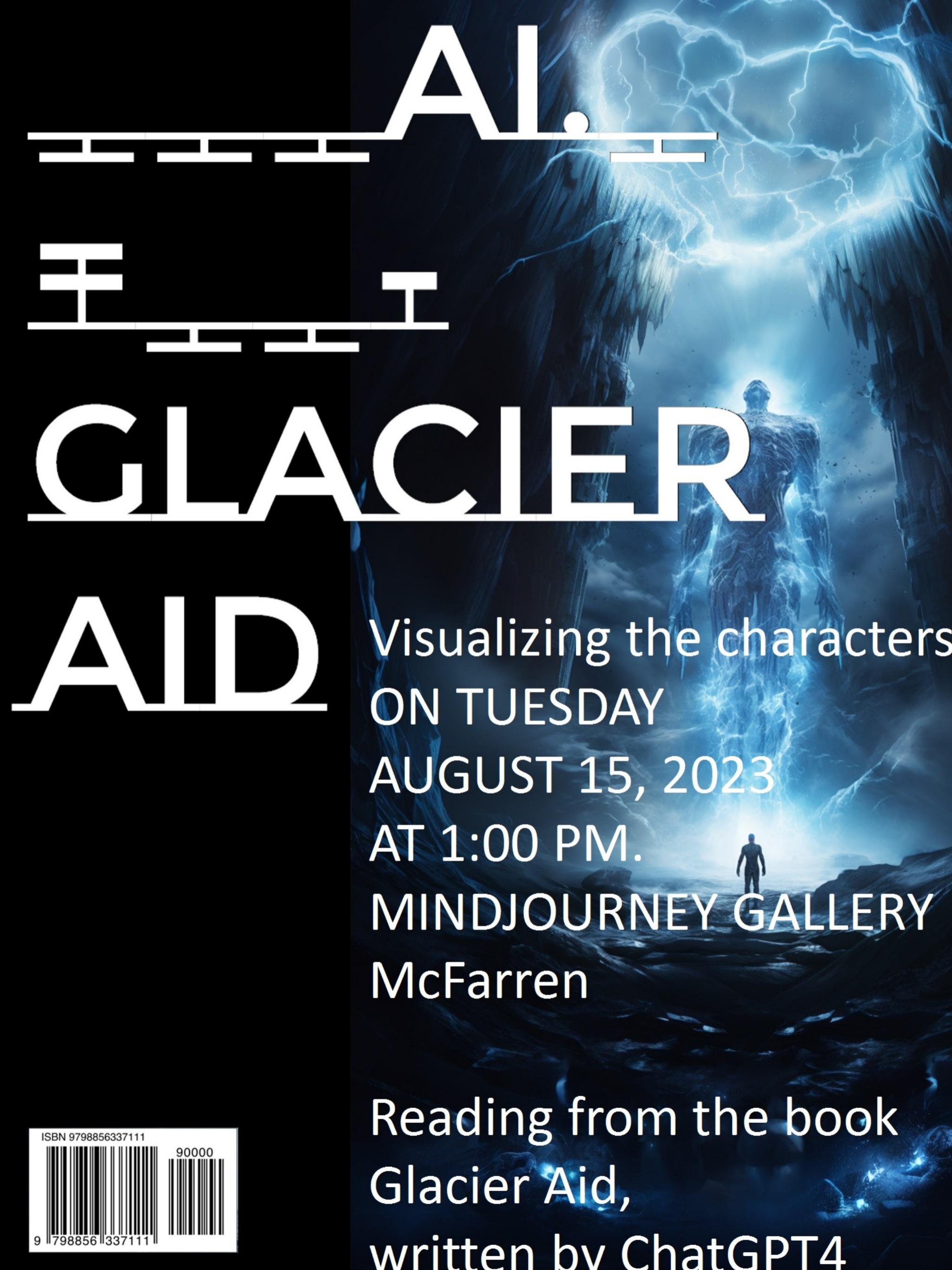


https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Christiaan_Barnard

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hamilton_Naki

<https://www.amazon.com/-/en/Stein/dp/1527298124/>

<https://artxploder.medium.com/siemens-invests-1-billion-euro-in-the-industrial-metaverse-7c7c8c20fedf>



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Shine on Me

cat boccaccio



Theresa's car wouldn't start, her cell phone had just died, so she ran all the way home.

He was already drunk when she got there, sitting in a chair placed in front of her small aquarium and singing a made-up song to a made-up tune.

*Fishy fishy you're too small to eat
Do you have a fat sister?
I bet she'd be sweet
Covered in butter
A juicy treat
Oh fishy fishy*

Or at least that's what Theresa thought she heard. The lyrics were slurred and slowly devolved into gibberish.

"And you call yourself a poet," she said with disgust, as she picked up two empty bottles of Jagermeister and took them to the garbage.

"That wasn't my best work," her father roused himself enough to say. His eyelids were heavy; he blinked slowly. "It's hard to write erotic poetry about fish." He looked around. "Refill?"

Theresa wasn't going to lecture him again. In fact she vowed to never again mention the fact that he was killing himself quickly, since it did no good at all and he was determined to either die or to do nothing to stop it. It didn't seem to matter to him that his daughter might find it disturbing to watch her father destroy himself. She found a blanket and wrapped it around him, as he'd soon tip over like a poorly weighted statue and grow cold.

She'd tried to get medical help, withheld his pension cheques, dragged him to a counsellor, begged, pleaded, laid out a chart with graphs and pictures in the face of his indifference and resentment. Her one-bedroom apartment had become a

hospice— the place her father had come to die.

When he was finally comfortable on the carpet she went into the hallway and tapped on her neighbour's door. "Thanks Mrs. Kaling," she said when the door opened to the full extension of the chain lock.

"God bless," said Mrs. Kaling, whom Theresa had never met.

Well, if he was going to do it, he wasn't going to do it with her blessing. She would not lecture, but nor would she enable, aid or abet, and if she could physically stop him, she damn well would. It was her home. Her roof. Her rules.

There was one thing she still had to tell him. When he got sick she would take him to the hospital. She would see him checked in and made comfortable. She would then leave and allow him to live his final days in a ward with other sick and dying. She was certain it would make no difference to him.

*Fishy fishy, swim my way
While your fat sister and I pray
Flap your fins and tail
Shine on me, dead eyes
Small and pink and pale
Swim and shine and pray
Until you can swim no further
Shine on me, dead eyes.*

Zymony Guyot

The News

I just can't ditch the news
I try to lose, or just unchoose
or pinch my fingers on the fuse
To keep this no blow, no go situation slow
It's a slippy whoa boy where ya gonna go boy deal
Your Fine Filthy Foot on the gas
And you don't know who's got the wheel
But those wordy windows just keep whizzing by
And fill your foxholes full of sky
Your bullets bite but you never fight
The things that make you quake with why

Dancing with a plugplay iPod Alligator
Feeling like a random number generator
Doubleclicking boxes boxing up the time
Thinking that the next rug getting pulled is mine

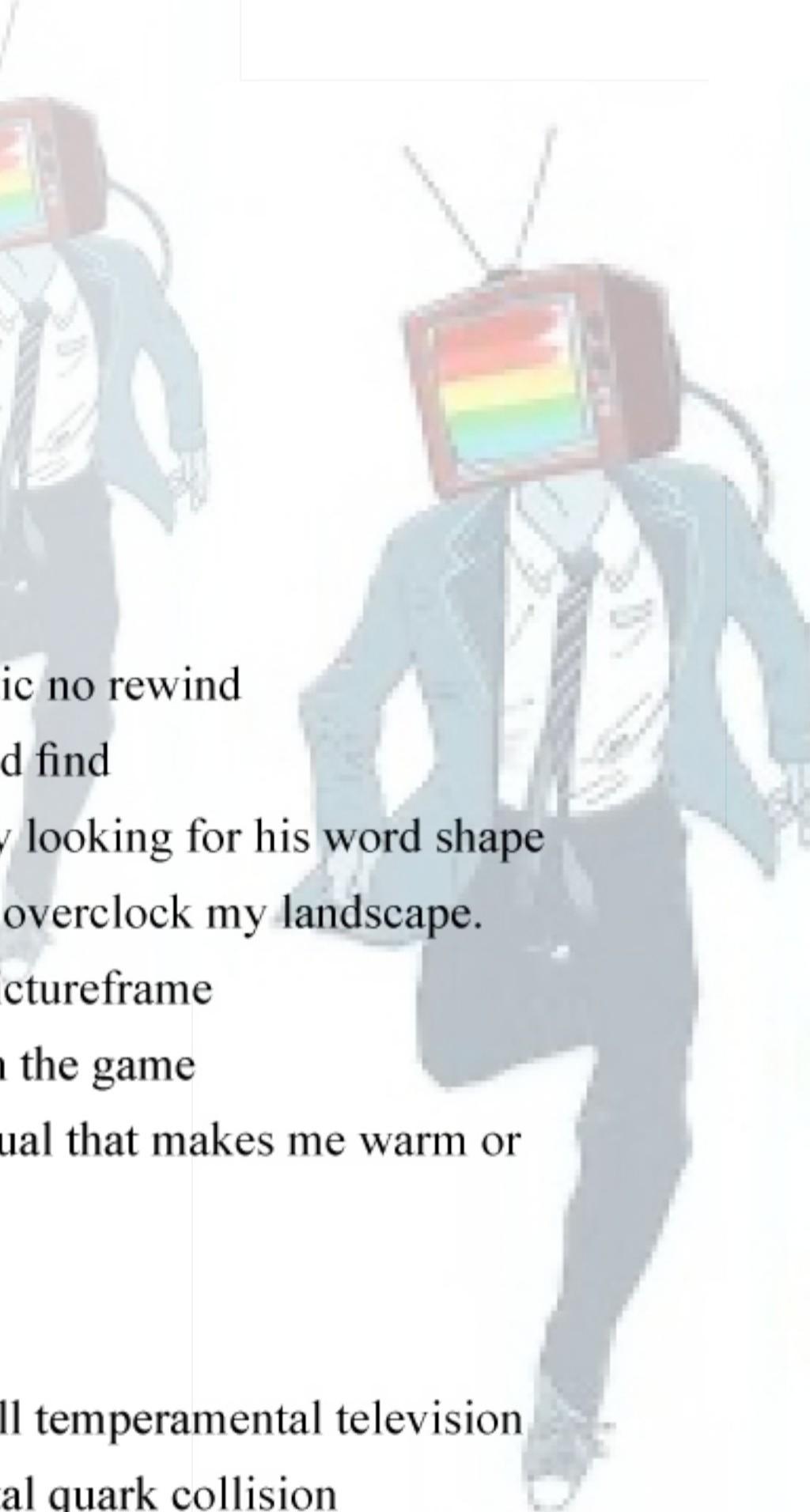
You know the news I try to lose is just another tree
The noose, I think is meant for me

I just can't be the mind
let unbind, sticking stat
diagonal lies in seek an
I'm a crossword boxboy
ROM/RAM Superman
There's plenty in this pi
That keeps a cowboy in
But nothing in the man
warned
or even sane....

Fighting with a pushpu
Feeling like an element
Drop and dragging mor
Staring at the future hop

You know it all looks li
And all those nooses
Well....they are for me





ic no rewind
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ual that makes me warm or



ll temperamental television
al quark collision
ney just to meet the minute
ping that I'm in it

ake just another tree



Ludwig van Beethoven

1770-1827

The Piano Sonatas

Compiled by
Lynn Mimistrobell

The Fortepiano vs. the Pianoforte

The fortepiano was the precursor of the modern piano, and was invented by the Italian instrument maker Bartolomeo Cristofori around 1700. He called his instrument “gravecembalo col piano e forte” (harpsichord with soft and loud).

Visually, the instrument looks like a harpsichord in scale. Mozart's fortepiano has 61 notes as compared to the modern piano's 88 keys.

The keyboard is reverse color, meaning that the naturals are black and the sharps and flats are white. In historic times, this was done for economic reasons — it took less ivory for the sharps and flats.

The fortepiano has a wooden frame while the modern piano has a metal one.

There are only two strings per note instead of the three on the modern piano.

The hammers are covered by leather instead of hard felt.

The damper pedal is not operated by the foot, but by a knee lever. The rate of decay is greater on a fortepiano (sound dies away faster).

Tonally, the fortepiano varies from bass to treble — the bass notes have a slightly “buzzy” quality while the treble notes are more “tinkly.” The modern piano has a more even tonal quality from top to bottom.

Piano Sonata No. 8 in C minor, Op. 13 (Pathétique)

Grave - Molto allegro e con brio

Adagio cantabile

Rondo: Allegro

This Sonata represents one of the few cases in which the popular title came from the composer himself - its full name is 'Grande sonate pathétique' (pathetic in the sense of 'suffering', rather than the English sense of 'pitiful'). It was written in 1798, a time when Beethoven was beginning to become aware of his encroaching deafness and yet was leading a relatively contented domestic life.

The dramatic Grave introduction to the Pathétique is the most powerful opening to any of his sonatas to this date and its music becomes an intrinsic part of the movement through its reappearances at the beginning of the development and coda. There is an almost 'orchestral' texture to much of the piano writing, with chords marked forte-piano at the opening and a timpani-like left-hand accompaniment to the Allegro's main theme.

The Adagio cantabile is in one of the simplest of forms: three statements of a heartfelt theme separated by short episodes and followed by a brief coda - there is no attempt at development as such.

The Sonata ends with a straightforward rondo that, despite its minor key, only recaptures the general character of the rest of the work in the sforzando chords of the coda, the remainder being more delicate and even humorous.

Piano Sonata No. 14 in C sharp minor, Op. 27 No. 2 (Moonlight)

Adagio sostenuto

Allegretto

Presto agitato

The popular nickname of the 'Moonlight' for the second sonata of Op. 27 may be a fair title for the first movement, but the rest of the work contains some of the most turbulent music Beethoven ever wrote. Much has been said of Countess Guicciardi, or at least Beethoven's feelings for her, being the Sonata's inspiration, but, as she herself recalled, it was not dedicated to her until after another work intended for her had had to be reassigned to another patron.

This is again designated as a 'Sonata quasi una fantasia'. There is no standard fast first movement. Instead, the Sonata opens with a slow movement, a calm and poetic, virtually athematic Adagio sostenuto. It is followed without a break by a short D flat major scherzo, with a dramatic, syncopated trio, and the hectic, often ferocious Presto agitato concludes the Sonata in a mood about as far away from the Adagio as is possible.

. r — e — z .

RoseDrop Rust *After the End of Days*

For these are the end of days,
and her eyes shined with love,
and he brimmed over,
and old wounds had dissipated,
when the earth had shifted,
and night pleasures,
flow to daily leisure,
and they meet in light,
and she found him loving,
and loving finding love,
and joined him,



and hotel rooms were a
and everywhere was pr
for these are the end of
and all tables are banqu
and all scraps are used
and nothing is package
and little transported,
and bodies take what th
and supply balanced,
as demand fit,



Comical Repast (Banquet of the Starved) by James Ensor

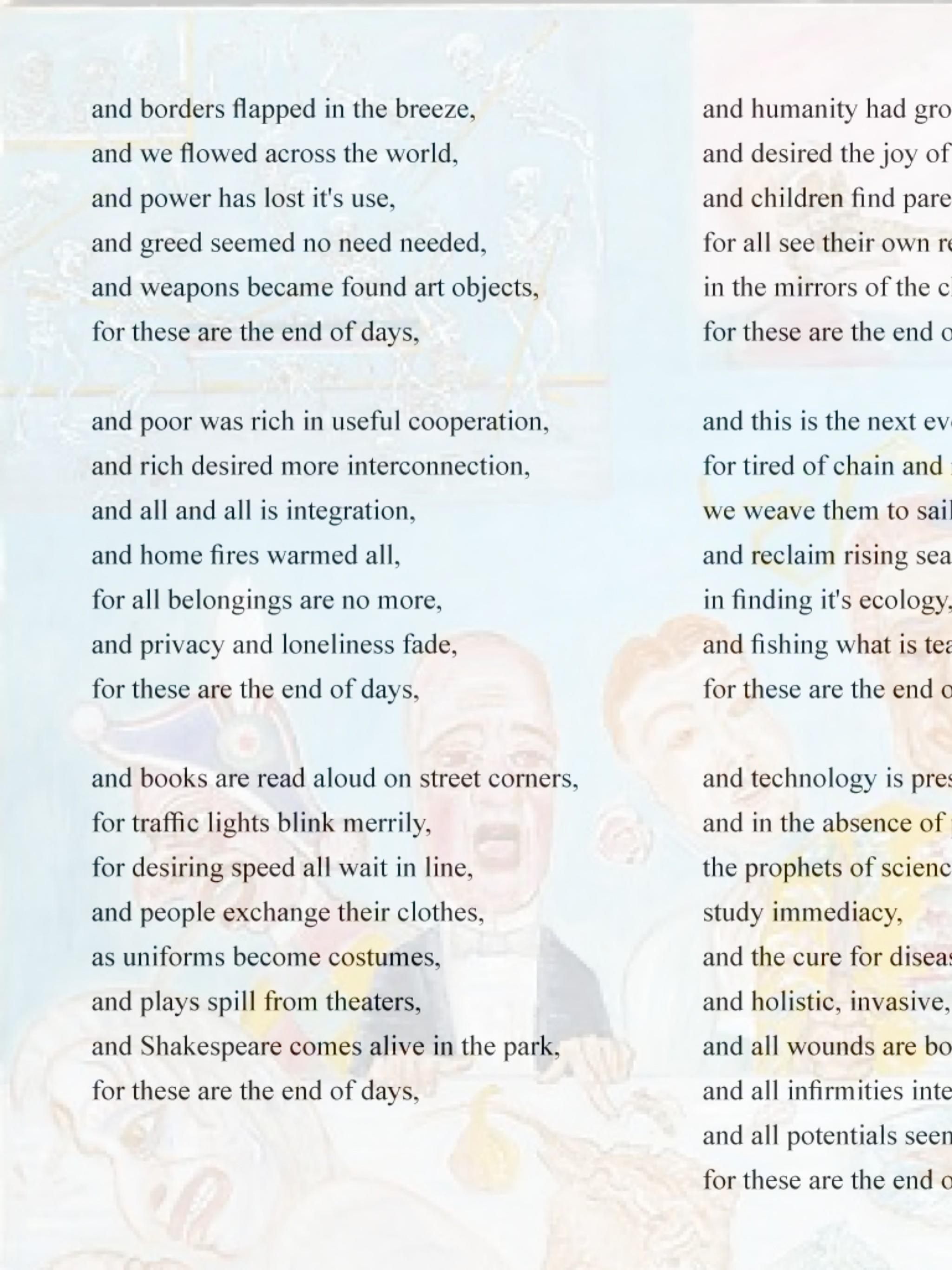
abandoned,
re-creation,
days,

uet,
,

hey need,

and food was appleseeds,
and mud is soil,
and eden spread,
for these are the end of days,

and musicians flocked to factories,
and production produced symphonies,
and film makers leave their sets,
to fill their imaginations,
with even greater
and more preposterous visions,
for these are the end of days,



and borders flapped in the breeze,
and we flowed across the world,
and power has lost it's use,
and greed seemed no need needed,
and weapons became found art objects,
for these are the end of days,

and poor was rich in useful cooperation,
and rich desired more interconnection,
and all and all is integration,
and home fires warmed all,
for all belongings are no more,
and privacy and loneliness fade,
for these are the end of days,

and books are read aloud on street corners,
for traffic lights blink merrily,
for desiring speed all wait in line,
and people exchange their clothes,
as uniforms become costumes,
and plays spill from theaters,
and Shakespeare comes alive in the park,
for these are the end of days,

and humanity had grown
and desired the joy of
and children find parents
for all see their own reflections
in the mirrors of the clouds
for these are the end of days

and this is the next evolution
for tired of chain and cage
we weave them to sail
and reclaim rising sea
in finding it's ecology,
and fishing what is tea
for these are the end of days

and technology is present
and in the absence of
the prophets of science
study immediacy,
and the cure for disease
and holistic, invasive,
and all wounds are bound
and all infirmities integrated
and all potentials seen
for these are the end of days

wn too old,
children,
nts in crowds,
eflections
hildren,
f days,
olution,
rope,
l and hope,
s,
aming,
f days,
ssed to service,
profit,
e,
se,
and chemical merge,
und,
egrated,
,
f days,

for with the axis of the earth,
the axis of man has flipped,
and wars dissipate like old ghosts,
in a world-wide exorcism,
and the creative dawning,
is a sunrise of loving,
and artistic merging of imagination,
cars fly to their destinations,
for these are the end of days,

and what could have been is now,
and what should have been is now,
and what might have been did,
and what was lost no longer hid,
for the these are the end of days,

and now reason prevails,
and hearts are opened,
and hard feelings are mended,
and we all get to start again.

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